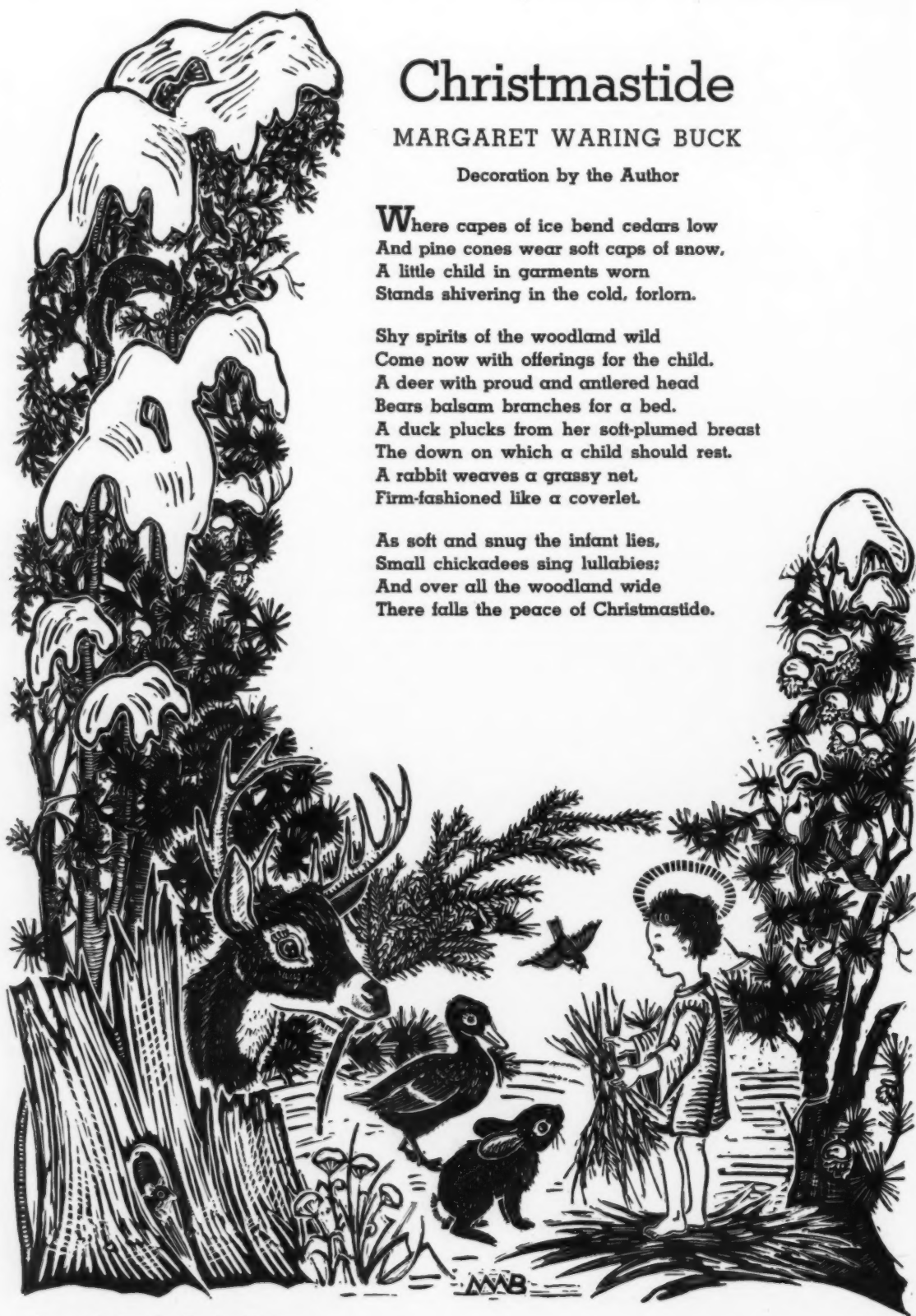


American Junior Red Cross NEWS



December 1942



Cover design by Ilonka Karasz

Christmastide

MARGARET WARING BUCK

Decoration by the Author

Where capes of ice bend cedars low
And pine cones wear soft caps of snow,
A little child in garments worn
Stands shivering in the cold, forlorn.

Shy spirits of the woodland wild
Come now with offerings for the child.
A deer with proud and antlered head
Bears balsam branches for a bed.
A duck plucks from her soft-plumed breast
The down on which a child should rest.
A rabbit weaves a grassy net,
Firm-fashioned like a coverlet.

As soft and snug the infant lies,
Small chickadees sing lullabies;
And over all the woodland wide
There falls the peace of Christmastide.

glasses; Christmas cut-outs to be
stuck in cake, toast or dry cereal.

forces? Through your Junior Red

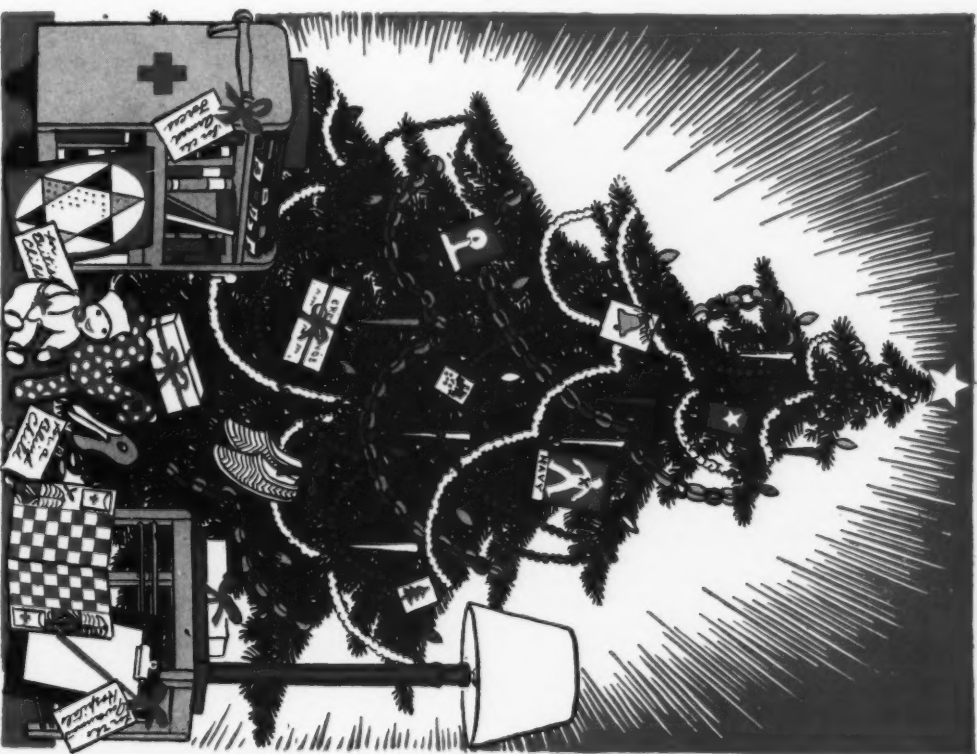
+ AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR +

UNITED IN SERVING OUR NATION—Finish definitely assigned gifts that must be sent out of town to armed forces.

Also complete gifts for patients in hospitals of the U. S. Veteran's Administration and the U. S. Public Health Service, suggestions for which follow:

Copy carefully or mimeograph carols, and bind them in individual art folders. Each folder should contain "O Come, All Ye Faithful", "Silent Night", "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing", "O Little Town of Bethlehem", "Deck the Hall", "Here We Come A-Caroling", "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear", "Good King Wenceslaus", "The First Nowel", "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen".

Send Christmas greens or other decorations available in your section of the country, *such as* miniature "Yule log" centerpieces or tray decorations hollowed out to hold sprigs of berries and cones; strands of cleaned small shells of different colors, galax leaves, ground pine, Spanish moss, painted cones; strings of popped corn or of green or red seeds or berries; paper chains; paper wreaths for glasses; Christmas cut-outs to be stuck in cake, toast or dry cereal.



COMMUNITIES UNITED WITH OUR NATION—

Is your Chapter in the area of an Army Camp and Hospital Service Council? If so, ask your Junior Red Cross Chairman to find what special ways you can participate in the Christmas plans, through gifts or entertainments. *For example*, members in Chattanooga, Tenn., painted and decorated cigar boxes for bed patients to keep their watches, pens, and other trinkets in.

Is your city an induction center? Ask your Red Cross Chapter to find out what junior members can do for the convenience of the men. *For example*, members in Santa Fe, New Mexico, made small bags for the men to carry their valuables in during physical examinations.

Is your city a port of entry for refugee children coming to this country? If the Red Cross Motor Corps meets them, ask your Chapter whether you may provide attractive gifts as a Junior Red Cross welcome. Make toys for the youngest ones; for the older ones, handkerchiefs, lapel ornaments, travel diaries, folders with souvenir post cards.

Are draftees leaving your city regularly to enter the armed forces? Through your Junior Red

A Guide for Teachers

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The December News in the School

The Classroom Index

Christmas Assembly:

Every feature this month is a Christmas feature except the pictures "United To Understand," which are included for the United Nations' scrapbook. Especially appealing for recitation or reading are "Church Bells" and "Christmastide," which reminds one of Thomas Hardy's poem, "The Oxen." The stories, "The Worker in Sandalwood," "Merry Christmas to Lou Ellen," "Dock Square Christmas," and "A Piñata for Pepita," are excellent for reading or retelling, the first one for its poetic religious spirit, the second for its timeliness, and the last two for their humor and humanity. The "Huron Christmas Carol" gives new music for the Christmas program. A talk about Junior Red Cross and Christmas can be based on "Thank You from County Tyrone," "J. R. C. Visit to Iceland," "News Parade" and "Contents of a J. R. C. Christmas Box."

Art:

"Home for Christmas," "Christmastide," "The Worker in Sandalwood," "Contents of a J. R. C. Christmas Box," and other illustrations.

Geography:

Australia—"Merry Christmas to Lou Ellen"
Canada—"Huron Christmas Carol"
Iceland—"J. R. C. Visit to Iceland"
Mexico—"A Piñata for Pepita"
Northern Ireland—"Thank You from County Tyrone"
U. S. A.—"Dock Square Christmas," "Merry Christmas to Lou Ellen," "A Piñata for Pepita," and "News Parade"
United Nations—"Dock Square Christmas," "Thank You from County Tyrone," "United to Understand," "J. R. C. Visit to Iceland," "News Parade," "A Piñata for Pepita," and the "Contents of a J. R. C. Christmas Box"

Primary Grades:

"Merry Christmas to Lou Ellen," "A Piñata for Pepita," "Contents of a J. R. C. Christmas Box," "United to Understand," "Huron Christmas Carol," "Christmastide," and "Home for Christmas."

Units:

Besides the abundance of material for holiday units culminating at Christmas and the special material for the United Nations' unit, material for study of climate is found in "The Worker in Sandalwood," "J. R. C. Visit to Iceland" and "Merry Christmas to Lou Ellen."

The Christmas News in Braille

The braille edition of the Christmas *Junior Red Cross News* includes the "Huron Christmas Carol," "The Worker in Sandalwood," "J. R. C. Visit to Iceland," "News Parade," and "Thank You from County Tyrone."

"United to Understand"

As adults grow into more complete enlistment of work and time in the war effort, what we accept as

necessary though abnormal will be accepted by many children as their normal world, the only kind they have ever known. Our obligation is increased to "remember for them," to help them understand our heritage of freedom, and lead them into understanding of future responsibilities. If, when Victory is won, it is inherited by a generation that has been burnt out by wartime emotionalism, warped by hatred and revenge, that generation may be lost for usefulness in the new world.

It will not be an easy world, the moment victory is won. In large areas men will be confused and desperate, weakened with disease and with prolonged hopelessness. In other areas there will be new powers, new speeds, new scientific knowledge. Among all peoples there will be new firm insistence on the primary freedoms that have been held up as a goal.

Your pupils of today will inherit those dangerous problems and powers. Learning now to share in voluntary social controls, and extending their conception of the principles upon which a free world must be based, will prepare them as responsible heirs. Our country cannot afford to lose a single generation through failure to educate it for the future.

To Help You

Teachers can obtain material helpful to themselves in guiding pupils' discussion, by writing directly to the Office of War Information, Washington, D. C. Titles follow:

"The United Nations fight for the FOUR FREEDOMS, the Rights of All Men—Everywhere," a 16-page pamphlet, should be read universally. Older pupils, as well as you, will be stirred by the reminder of inherited freedoms and the challenge to possess new ones within reach. The style is clear with a conviction like that of early patriots who made pamphleteering a literary art.

"Toward New Horizons, the World Beyond the War," contains three now famous speeches: one by Vice President Wallace, made last May before the Free World Association; a speech of Under Secretary of State Welles at Arlington last Memorial Day, reviewing mistakes made after World War I and outlining better postwar plans; and a speech by Milo Perkins, Executive Director of the Board of Economic Warfare, delivered at Swarthmore College in May, dealing with economic postwar planning.

"Divide and Conquer" reveals Axis efforts to sabotage our faith in our allies and our will to victory; "The Unconquered People" reveals the unconquerable courage of defeated peoples of Europe.

"The Thousand Million," a 46-page pamphlet, gives brief factual stories about the United Nations "where one thousand million friends of the United States live, work, and fight." You will find it a useful desk-side companion. Older pupils also can use it, for it is written in clear factual style with a few trimmings. All of the bulletins are illustrated, those on the Axis ferociously, those on the free nations more benignly.

Developing Calendar Activities for December

The S.A.F.

Red Cross service to the armed forces, known within the family as S. A. F., includes social service for able-bodied men in the armed forces and social service and recreation for patients and convalescents in hospitals of the Army and Navy. The service of the Red Cross also supplements the service of the recreational workers of the Veterans' Administration, and the United States Public Health Service.

Members of the American Junior Red Cross have collaborated in many phases of this service. Junior members may sometimes help at the Chapter end in such ways as providing toys for the children in families of service men. The real opportunity of junior members, however, is in relation to the recreation services for the patients and convalescents. The hospitalized service man is helped to quicker and more lasting recovery through the Red Cross "program of medically approved recreational activities," and a checker board or a book of comics made by Junior Red Cross members may play a significant part. Junior Red Cross tray favors and gloom chasers figure importantly, too, with "distribution of comfort articles and supplies on an individual basis."

Service to the Veterans' Administration and the army and naval general hospitals, carried on in past years, has been variously designated in Junior Red Cross publications as the "Hospital Adoption Project" or "Service to Government Hospitals." Expanded after December 7, 1941, to include men in camps and hospitals, the services to all types of government hospitals are now grouped under the broader title, S. A. F.

The list of approved articles made for convalescents in the armed forces is, however, considerably broader than lists for the hospitals under the Veterans' Administration and Public Health Service. Though many items are the same, the broader lists include some items not suitable or not safe for these special types of hospitals.

Divided among the millions of members and thousands of schools enrolled in the Junior Red Cross, the widened task is not too large; yet the activity of members everywhere is essential if all the articles needed are to reach the men.

Chapter Committees and Camp Councils

A more definite responsibility, however, rests on Chapters near to army and naval camps and hospitals. The organization worked out to care for these special needs is outlined in *Camp and Hospital Service Program of Chapters Adjacent to Army and Naval Camps and Hospitals* (ARC 1227). The special committee within each Chapter is explained as follows:

"The Committees on Camp and Hospital Service will be organized under the authority of the Chapter Executive Committee in selected Chapters adjacent to Army and Navy camps and hospitals. Their membership will include representatives of the Volunteer Special Services, the Junior Red Cross, and Home Service. It will also include community leaders, who should represent the more important of the committees organized, such as service men's organizations, U. S. O. and other local service groups, women's clubs, labor councils, and business and professional clubs. Such representation and organization will facilitate the use of Camp and Hospital Service Councils as channels for

community participation wherever these organizations are agreeable to such an arrangement. . . ."

These Councils are the central organization for a wider area:

"At selected camps and hospitals Red Cross Camp and Hospital Service Councils will be organized to represent the Chapter Camp and Hospital Service Committees concerned and to assist the Field Director and the Assistant Field Director in charge of hospital service. The jurisdiction of the Council generally should include nearby camps and hospitals too small to justify separate Councils."

The *Calendar* calls the attention of Junior Red Cross members to these particular opportunities for Chapters included in any of the camp councils.

To round out the picture of the S. A. F., mention should be made again of the fact that every unit of our armed forces sent overseas has with it a unit of the American Red Cross, responsible for social welfare, hospital recreation and many morale activities in the camps including participation in the recreation program. In Great Britain, Ireland, and Australia there are now American Red Cross Clubs for our men set up in urban centers and mobile Clubs that make regular visits to groups situated in rural sections.

Christmas Activities

In a booklet of Christmas recreation suggestions prepared by the S. A. F., attention is called to the desirability of providing Christmas carols, as mentioned in the *Calendar* both last month and this: "Individual Christmas carol booklets will help greatly in your singing. A sample one is attached to this bulletin in the hope that you can get additional sheets mimeographed and bound in attractive covers." We hope that this need for individual folders containing the carols listed may be met in hospitals within our country largely by Junior Red Cross members through their art, music and commercial classes.

Christmas in the Community

One of the local Junior Red Cross News letters published within the Chapter reminded members: "Sometimes the fact that the nation is at war makes organizations and individuals forget that in our own community there are still sick folks in our hospitals, orphans in institutions, hungry children, lonely shut-ins and many others who are likely to be forgotten in the press of war work. Let's be sure that a part of our projects serve the people at home."

A good suggestion for original dramatization was contributed by Miss Dorothy Allsup, music teacher in Westwood School, Dayton, Ohio. The problem of the play was presented by a class assignment for an essay about peace. The solution was found when the two principal characters sang for the mother of one of them lovely songs of other countries, which they had learned in their music class. The mother tells them:

"You have been singing songs from all the lands. Music is a universal thing. It speaks a language of the world. Music doesn't have limits nor boundaries, nor is it blighted by the war. It's peace in itself. It brings people together. Music is perhaps the best expression of all the nations of the world."

miniature Christmas trees made of green paper cones decorated with separate grains of popped corn and set on pencil or lollipop standards in painted spoons; paper sleds with packages of cigarettes in decorated wrappings, airplanes made from packages of gum or life-savers; matching paper napkins and nut cups, artistic place cards; games like "Pin the Whiskers on Santa Claus" with plenty of whiskers, or bean bag toss using as target a Santa Claus head with open mouth and plenty of bean bags; ash trays made of shells or shaped serpentine shellacked; boxes or jars of cookies, mints for candy cups; paper caps and boutonnieres for a New Year's party.

UNITED WITH OTHERS IN SERVING—Finish your toys and your covers for brailled stories to send a school for the blind in time for Christmas fun if you possibly can. Ask your fellow Junior Red Cross members in the school about their Christmas service.

YOUNG MEMBERS, POINT OUT JUNIOR RED CROSS PRESENTS IN THE CALENDAR PICTURE: FOR SOLDIERS IN HOSPITALS. FOR SAILORS ON THE HIGH SEAS. FOR CHILDREN IN OUR COUNTRY. FOR CHILDREN IN OTHER LANDS. HAVE YOU MADE PRESENTS?

1942 DECEMBER 1942						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

Though total war brings grief to men on every continent, your good will can still reach around the earth. To *will good* is stronger than only to wish it. Your Gift Boxes find children in China and England, in Iceland and South America. Your gifts and greetings reach our armed forces in all parts of this country and on the high seas. Fellow members in the United Nations join you in service.

Other fellow members who also serve are cut off from us by powers of evil that for a while are too strong for the men of good will in their countries. Yet through those in all countries who are *willing good*, through their sacrificial striving and their brave faith, defeat of the evil powers will increase until, instead of total war, good will shall be total.

Cross Council decide on a whole-chapter project of making souvenir gifts for them, like pocket-sized games with the name of their home Junior Red Cross on them.

WITHIN COMMUNITIES UNITED FOR SERVING

Are there patriotic citizens in your town, who, because of national backgrounds must be classed as aliens during the war? Through your Junior Red Cross Chairman find ways you can help the children of such families to know they are respected. *For example*, include songs or stories from their countries in your Christmas program. Ask them to help in service projects.

Is there a school for the blind in your Chapter, or will the blind children come home there for the holidays? Include them in Junior Red Cross Council meetings and find new ideas for service from their activity reports. Share Christmas social activities with them.

Are there public homes in your community for which you can provide a Christmas party? Divide the work and let some members plan suitable games, some take charge of getting gifts and favors made, and some plan an entertainment. Find material in this issue of the *Junior Red Cross News*.

American Junior Red Cross

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

December • 1942

The Worker in Sandalwood

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

Illustrations by Henry C. Pitz

I LIKE to think of this as a true story, but you who read may please yourselves. You may side either with the curé, who says Jacques dreamed it all, and did the carving himself in his sleep, or with Madame. I am sure that Jacques thinks it is true. So does Madame, but, then, she has the cabinet, with the little birds and lilies carved at the corners. The curé and Madame still talk it over whenever they meet, though it happened so many years ago. Meanwhile the dust gathers in the fine lines of the little birds' feathers, and softens the lily stamens where Madame's duster may not go; and the aging wood takes on a golden gleam. It is pale yellow wood, with the scent of the ancient East, the wood that Jacques loved.

It was the only wood of that kind which had ever been seen in the little French Canadian town of Terminaison. Pierre L'Oreillard brought it into the workshop one morning, a small heavy bundle wrapped in sack- ing, and then in burlap and then in fine soft cloths. He laid it on a pile of shavings, and unwrapped it carefully. A dim sweetness filled the dark shed and hung heavily in the thin winter sunbeams.

Pierre L'Oreillard rubbed the wood respectfully with his knobby fingers. "It is sandal- wood," he explained to Jacques, "a most pre- cious wood that grows in warm countries. Smell it. It is sweeter than cedar. It is to

make a cabinet for Madame at the big house. Your great hands shall smooth the wood and I, I, Pierre the cabinetmaker, shall render it beautiful." Then he went out locking the door behind him.

When he was gone, Jacques laid down his plane, blew on his stiff fingers, and shambled slowly over to the wood. He was a great clumsy boy of fourteen, dark-faced, very slow of speech, dull-eyed, and uncared for. He was clumsy because it is impossible to move grace- fully when you are growing very big and fast on quite insufficient food; he was dull-eyed because all eyes met his unlovingly; uncared for, because no one knew the beauty of his soul. But his heavy young hands could carve simple things, like flowers and birds and beasts, to perfection. I have seen Simon's tobacco jar, which Jacques carved with pine cones and squirrels, and the curé's pipe whose bowl is the bloom of a moccasin flower.

"Your hands shall smooth the wood, and I shall make it beautiful," said Pierre L'Oreil- lard, and went off to drink brandy at the Cinq Chateaux.

Jacques knew that the making of the cabi- net would fall to him, as most of the other work did. He also touched the strange sweet wood, and at last he laid his cheek against it. Its fragrance made him catch his breath. "How beautiful it is!" said Jacques, and for

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"I see you are working late, comrade. May I come in?" the lad said

the moment his eyes glowed, and he was happy. Then the light passed, and with his head bent he shuffled back to his bench through a foam of white shavings curling almost to his knees.

"Madame will want the cabinet next week, for that is Christmas," said Jacques. He fell to work harder than ever, though it was so cold in the shed that his breath hung like a little silver cloud and the steel stung his hands. There was a tiny window to his right, through which, when it was clear of frost, one looked on Terminaison. And that was cheerful and made one whistle. But to the left, through the chink of the ill-fitting door, there was nothing but the forest, and the road dying away in it, and the trees moving heavily under the snow. Yet from there came all of Jacques' dreams and fancies. Sometimes he was able to tell these—in wood, not in words.

The brandy was good at the Cinq Chateaux, and Pierre L'Oreillard gave Jacques plenty of directions, but no more help with the cabinet.

"That is to be finished for Madame on the

festival, you big snail," said he, and cuffed Jacques' ears. "And finished with pretty corners, do you hear? I suffer from a weak constitution and a little feebleness in the legs these days, so that I cannot handle the tools. I must leave this work to you. See it is done properly. And stand up and touch a hand to your cap when I address you, you great slowworm."

"Yes, Monsieur," said Jacques wearily.

It is hard, when you do all the work, to have your ears boxed into the bargain. And fourteen is not very old. He went to work on the cabinet with slow, exquisite skill. But, on the eve of Christmas, he was still at work, and the cabinet was unfinished. Pierre's beatings were cruel. Yet the cabinet was growing into a thing of perfection under Jacques' slow, careful hands and he would not hurry over it.

"Then work on it all night, and show it to me all finished in the morning, or your bones shall mourn your idleness," said Pierre with a flicker of his little eyes. And he shut Jacques into the workshop with a smoky lamp, his tools and the sandalwood cabinet.

It was nothing unusual. Often before this, Jacques had been left to finish a piece of work overnight, while Pierre went off to his brandies. But this was Christmas Eve, and he was very tired. The cold crept into the shed until even the sweet smell of the sandalwood could not make him dream himself warm. The roof cracked sullenly in the frost. There came upon Jacques an awful, black despair. It seemed to be a living presence that caught up his soul and crushed it in cruel hands. "In all the world nothing!" he said, staring at the dull flame of the lamp, "no place, no heart, no love! O kind God, is there a place, a love for me in another world?"

Jacques even looked at the chisel in his hand and thought that by a touch he might end everything and be at peace, somewhere not far from God; only it was forbidden. The tears came, then, and great sobs that deafened him, so that he scarcely heard the crunch of footsteps in the snow.

Jacques went to the door and opened it upon

the still woods and the frosty stars. The lad who stood outside said, "I see you are working late, comrade. May I come in?"

Jacques brushed his ragged sleeve across his eyes, and opened the door wider with a little nod to the other to enter. Those little villages strung along the great St. Lawrence see strange wayfarers drifting inland from the sea. Jacques said to himself that surely here was such a one.

Afterwards he told the curé that for a moment he had been bewildered. At first, blinking into the stranger's eyes, Jacques thought he was young. Then, looking again, he thought his visitor looked older and very sad. But this also passed, and he knew that the wanderer's eyes were just very quiet, like the little pools in the woods where the wild doves went to drink. As he turned within the door, smiling at Jacques and shaking some snow from his fur cap, he did not seem more than sixteen or so.

"It is very cold outside," he said; "there is a big oak tree on the edge of the field that has split in the frost and frightened all the little squirrels there. Next year it will make even a better home for them. And see what I found close by!" He opened his fingers, and showed Jacques a little sparrow lying unruffled in the palm.

"Poor little thing!" said Jacques. "Is it then dead?" He touched it with a gentle forefinger.

"No," answered the stranger boy, "it is not dead. We will put it here among the shavings, not far from the lamp, and it will be well by morning."

He smiled at Jacques again, and the big awkward lad felt dimly that the scent of the sandalwood grew sweeter, and that the lamp flame burned clearer.

"Have you come far?" asked Jacques. "It is a bad season for traveling, and the wolves are out in the woods."

"A long way," said the other, "a long, long way. I heard a child cry—"

"There is no child here," said Jacques, shaking his head. "Monsieur L'Oreillard is not fond of children; he says they cost too much money. But if you have come far, you must be cold and hungry, and I have no food or fire. At the Cinq Chateaux you will find both."

The stranger looked at him again with those quiet eyes, and Jacques fancied his face was familiar.

"I will stay here," he said. "You are very late at work and you are very unhappy."

"Why, as to that," answered Jacques, rubbing again at his cheeks and ashamed of his tears, "most of us are sad at one time or another, the good God knows. Stay here and welcome if it pleases you. And you may have a share of my bed, though it's only a pile of balsam boughs and an old blanket in the loft. But I must work at this cabinet, for the drawer must be finished and the handles must be put on and these corners must be carved, all by the holy morning. If this is not done, my wages will be paid with a stick."

"You have a hard master," said the other boy, "if he would pay you with blows on Christmas Day."

"He is hard enough," said Jacques; "but once he gave me a dinner of sausages and white wine, and once, in the summer, melons. If my eyes will only stay open, I will finish this by morning, but I am so sleepy. Stay with me an hour or so. Talk to me about your wanderings, so that the time may pass more quickly."

"I will tell you of the country where I was a little boy," answered the stranger.

And while Jacques worked, he told—of sunshine and dust, of the shadow of vine leaves on the flat white walls of a house; of rosy doves on the flat roof; of the flowers that came out in the spring, and the white cyclamen in the shadow of the rocks. He told about the olive, the myrtle and the almond trees. At last Jacques stopped working, and his sleepy eyes blinked in wonder.

"See what you have done, comrade," he said at last. "You have told such pretty things that I have done no work for an hour. Now the cabinet will certainly not be finished, and I shall be beaten."

"Let me help you," said the other; "I also was bred a carpenter."

At first Jacques could not let the other help. He was afraid to trust the sweet wood out of his own hands. But at length he allowed the stranger to fit in one of the little drawers. So deftly was the work done, that Jacques pounded his fists on the bench in admiration. "You have a fine knack," he cried. "You seemed just to hold the drawer in your hands a minute and then it jumped into its place!"

"Let me put in the other little drawers, while you go and rest awhile," said the wanderer. So Jacques curled up among the shavings, and the stranger fell to work on the little cabinet of sandalwood.

Here begins what the curé declares is a

dream within a dream. It was the sweetest of dreams that was ever dreamed, if that is so. Sometimes I am obliged to think as he does. But then again I see clearly with the eyes of old Madame, eyes that have not seen earthly light for twenty years, for she's blind. Then, with her and Jacques, I say, "I believe."

Jacques said that he lay among the shavings in the sweetness of the sandalwood, and was very tired. He thought of the country where the stranger had been as a little boy, of the flowers on the hills, of the leaves of aspen and poplar, of the golden-flowering anise, and of the golden sun upon the dusty roads, until he was warm. All the time through these pictures, as though through a painted veil, he was aware of the other boy with the quiet eyes, at work on the cabinet, smoothing, fitting, polishing.



Far down the road Jacques saw a dim figure receding

"He does better work than I," thought Jacques; but he was not jealous. And again he thought, "It is growing towards morning. In a little while I will be up and help him." But he did not, for the dream of warmth and the smell of sandalwood held him in a sweet drowse. Also, he said he thought the stranger was singing as he worked, for there seemed to be music in the shed, though he could not tell

whether it came from the other boy's throat, or from the shabby old tools as he used them, or from the stars. "The stars are much paler," thought Jacques, "and soon it will be morning, and the corners are not carved yet. I must get up and help this kind one in a little moment. Only I am so tired."

He lay without moving, and behind the forest there shone a pale glow of some indescribable color that was neither green nor blue, while in Terminaison the church bells began to ring.

"Day will soon be here," thought Jacques, immovable in that deep dream of his, "and with day will come Monsieur L'Oreillard and his stick. I must get up and help, for even the corners are not carved."

But he did not get up. Instead, he saw the stranger look at him again, smiling as if he loved him and laying his brown fingers lightly on the four corners of the cabinet. Then Jacques saw the small squares of golden wood ripple and heave and break, like little clouds when the wind goes through the sky. And out of them thrust forth little birds, and after them lilies, for a moment alive. But even while Jacques looked, the birds and the lilies grew hard and reddish brown and settled into sweet wood. Then the stranger smiled again, and laid all the tools neatly in order, and, opening the door quietly, went away into the woods.

Jacques still lay among the shavings for a long time, and then he crept slowly to the door. The sun, not yet risen, sent its first beams upon the delicate mist of frost afloat beneath the trees, and so all the world was aflame with splendid gold. Far away down the road a dim figure seemed to move amid the glory, but the glow and the splendor was so great that Jacques was blinded. His breath came sharply as the glow beat in great waves on the wretched shed, and on the foam of shavings, and on the cabinet with the little birds and the lilies carved at the corners. He was not afraid. "Blessed be the Lord," he whispered, clasping his hands, "for He hath visited and redeemed His people. But who will believe?"

Then the sun of Christ's day rose gloriously, and the little sparrow came from his nest among the shavings and shook his wings in the light.

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Letter from County Tyrone

HELEN PORTER

ON BEHALF of the children at the Nursery Hostel, I would like to thank the women and children of America who, through the American Red Cross and our Women's Voluntary Services, sent them a large crate of clothes, a box of attractive Christmas stockings filled with sweets, and a big box of eatables for a Christmas party. The crate contained a wonderful collection of pretty, useful ornaments—white wooly vests, woolen jersey suits, dressing gowns, gay sleeping suits, cot covers with amusing designs, and little plaid frocks. . . . Not only were the children happy, but the staff here, too, were very grateful, as we have been finding it difficult to clothe our large family because the majority of the children come from poor homes.

The box of "goodies" was a great treat. Honey, sugar, prunes, jellies and sweets, just to mention a few of the items, made a wonderful feast possible.

One little girl came up to see me, and after we talked about the lovely things she had had to eat and where they had come from, she asked me many questions about America which I answered as well as I could. Then, "Are all the boys and girls in that country big?" she asked. "What makes you ask me that?" I said. "Because all the sweeties are such big ones, and mine wouldn't fit into my mouth, and I had to bite it three times."

Perhaps it might interest some of you if I told you something about our hostel. It was opened in October, 1940, for children between two and six years whose parents wished them to be evacuated from the town to the country, but who had to be unaccompanied as their mothers were all working women. The house is a large, square, ivy-covered building standing in its own grounds, right in the heart of the country. We have a splendid vegetable garden, a flower garden which was a riot of color in the summer, an enclosed playground and a lovely open lawn in front of the house where the children run and play at will.

Easter Monday was a lovely day of sunshine and light showers—a real April day. Many of the parents came from town, and a very happy day was spent by all. The children had an egg hunt and found eggs in all sorts of strange places—among the daffodils, under the trees, in the long grass, and there was

much fun over the funny faces painted on the shells. Bedtime came for the babies, and the older ones went part of the way to the bus. The parting came, shouts, waving of hands and blowing of kisses, not a single tear; then a quick scamper by the children home to bed.

When I saw the parents again, it was to hear of homes either completely destroyed, or rendered uninhabitable for a time, and of narrow escapes from injury and death. . . . The Germans had made their first big raid. After the blitz, many of our mothers wrote to me, and all were so grateful and glad to have their children safely in the country.

It was a happy summer, and the children were out nearly all the time. They learned the delight of paddling in the river, bathing in the lake and pioneering in a hayfield. The autumn of 1940 and spring of 1941 were spent by the children in getting acquainted with country ways, learning about animals, birds, flowers and insects, eating, sleeping and playing. It was grand to see them growing fat and rosy, and, above all, happy and contented. They took to the new life like ducks to water, and, young though they were, they soon learned to appreciate the farmer and his work.

In connection with that, here is a story which may amuse you. One of the first things we taught the children was "When you find a gate closed, close it after you when you have gone through." We explained that if a field had crops in it and a gate was left open, animals might get in and do a lot of harm. One day I was out for a walk with the older children and we were going through a field where the young green of the oats was just showing above the brown earth. There, plain to be seen, were the tracks of some animal right across the field. Malcolm gave a shout and pointed, "Some naughty person has left the gate open, and the old cow has walked in our porridge!"

Summer was hardly over before questions began about Christmas, and it was lovely to hear the children who had been with us in 1940, telling the children who hadn't, all about it.

At last Christmas Eve—and greatly thrilled, the children hung up their stockings. Santa Claus had a busy time that night, but owing to the kindness of many friends, the children

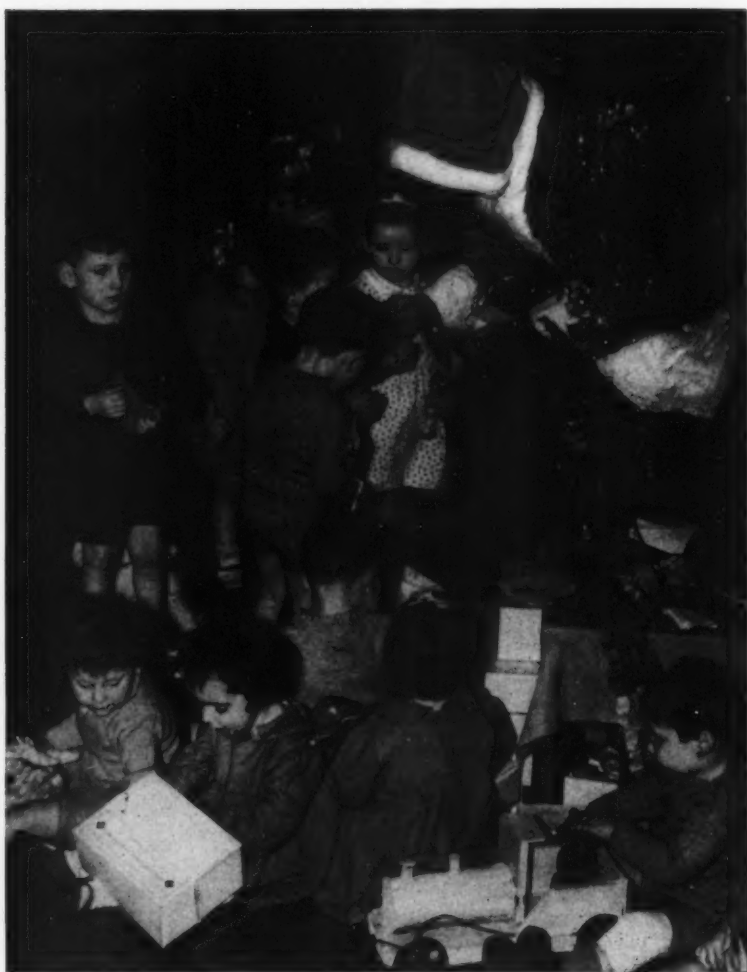
found in the morning, in place of the limp, empty stockings—stockings filled to the top with wonderfully knobbly parcels. It was fun to go from dormitory to dormitory, and to hear their shouts of joy and see their shining, happy faces. The morning was spent playing with the new toys, and after a dinner of chicken, followed by fruit salad, a great silence fell on the hostel, and all slept.

At four o'clock, Santa Claus himself paid us a visit, and gave each child a present from the tree. He got a wonderful welcome. It was lovely to see him in his traditional red robes surrounded by all the "tinies," with the only light coming from the candles on the tree.

Next day, excitement reached its highest pitch. Hair was brushed and tied with nice new ribbons, new clothes were put on, many of them from the big American box. Every child had a new pair of socks, and shoes were polished till they shone.

As soon as all the visitors had arrived, we went to the biggest playroom, which had been darkened by using our black-out blinds. At one end was a small platform with the Christmas tree in the middle, and the children were grouped around it. The candles were again lighted on the tree, the children began to sing very softly, the curtains were drawn back. They sang eight carols, three of the children taking solo parts. After this, the gifts so carefully and lovingly made were presented, and while the visitors had a meal, the children were dressed in their various costumes for the concert.

After this, parents and children all had tea together, and it was a fine, jolly, noisy meal.



English children at Hanover Lodge, Regents Park, London, had an exciting Christmas under a real Christmas tree, with a jolly Santa from the American Red Cross in London. Your gift boxes made the day complete

After tea, the children showed their new clothes and presents.

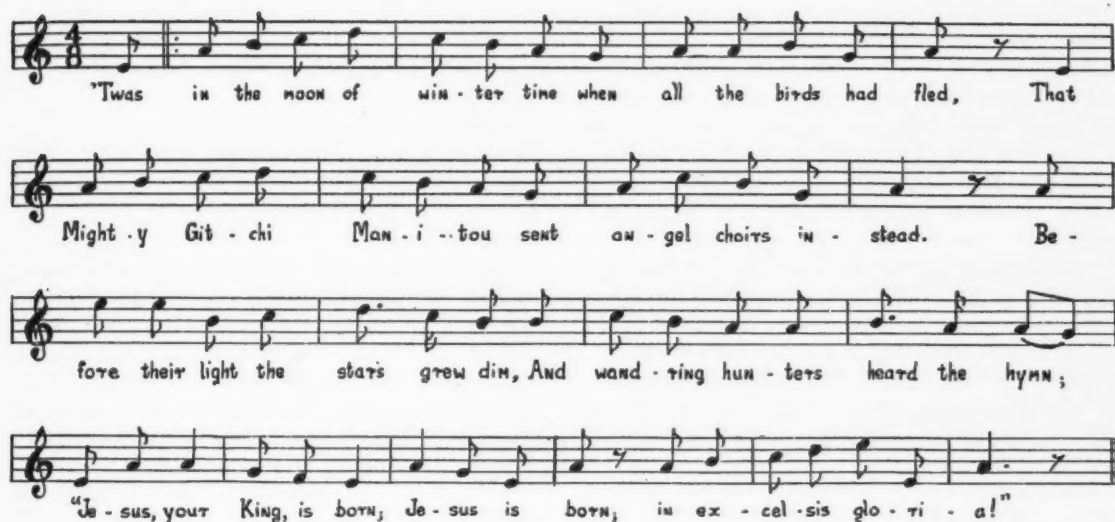
Bus time for the visitors, bedtime for the children, and the tired, happy little girls and boys were asleep almost before they were tucked in. So another Christmas as evacuees had come and gone.

When I write to the mothers, I always ask for a message from the children. I told them I was going to write to all those who had sent them such nice presents, and had they any message to send. I was told to "send them love and kisses" and "tell them thanks." So I have now delivered their greetings.

The Huron Carol on the opposite page is not a translation but was written by E. J. Middleton so that English-speaking Canadians might sing the first Christmas carol ever heard in Canada. (Reprinted from "The First Canadian Christmas Carol," courtesy of "The Canadian Red Cross Junior" and Rous & Mann, Ltd., Toronto, publishers)

Huron Christmas Carol

FATHER JEAN DE BREBEUF



Within a lodge of broken bark the tender Babe
was found.

A ragged robe of rabbit skin enwrapped His
beauty round.

And as the hunter braves drew nigh,
The angel song rang loud and high:

Chorus

The earliest moon of winter time is not so
round and fair

As was the ring of glory on the helpless Infant
there,

While chiefs from far before Him knelt,
With gifts of fox and beaver pelt.

Chorus

O Children of the forest free, O sons of Manitou,
The Holy Child of earth and heav'n is born today for you.

Come, kneel before the radiant Boy
Who brings you beauty, peace and joy.

Chorus



DESIGN BY INKAMEEP INDIAN
DAY SCHOOL, OLIVER, BRIT-

ISH COLUMBIA, FROM THE
"CANADIAN RED CROSS JUNIOR"

Dock Square Christmas

RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG

Illustrations by Ann Eshner

THE BLOW FELL just three weeks before Christmas. Rowena's father, Dr. Carey, was reading the *Gloucester Times*. In the Rockport news was a sad fact: "No tree in Dock Square this year," Dr. Carey read aloud.

Rowena's brown eyes flashed wide open. He went on, "The Board of Trade has no money to spend this year. There are so many other more important things to look after, it seems, what with the war and bonds and increased taxes."

"More important than Christmas?" gasped Rowena. "Why, Daddy, all the children expect a tree with bags of candy and nuts and Santa Claus dashing down from Cove Hill."

"It is too bad," her father agreed. "It will be the first time in fifty years."

Next day at recess Rowena and her friend, Doody McGuire, looked at each other sadly.

"We've got to do something about this!" All at once Rowena leaped from the steps.

"What can we do?" mourned Doody.

"We'll do it ourselves," Rowena announced. "We'll give the parents a Christmas party in return for all the Christmas trees they have given us." Her brown eyes glowed. "We'll sing carols and have a manger beside the tree that we can get in the woods."

Doody was thrilled. "We could have shepherds and Wise Men—and angels!"

"But who will help us?"

"We can do it," Rowena said firmly. "The Adventure Club meets today after school in our kitchen."

The Carey's large warm kitchen was the scene of many activities during the winter. Rowena's three older sisters usually crowded it with their friends, but today the four members of the Adventure Club sat around the table.

Billy McGuire and Johnny Snow were each a year younger than Row and Doody. Row was the one who thought of wonderful adventures, and the boys were always eager to hear her plans.

As they listened to Row's plans today, Billy's eyes

sparkled. "If we could have camels for the Wise Men to ride, I'd be one."

Doody giggled, "Where'd we get a camel?"

Billy scowled at his sister. All at once his face brightened. "A horse instead of a camel!"

Rowena declared, "Sure! A horse is as good as a camel. You find out who has a horse to lend, and let's have a Wise Man who can ride. You can't ride a horse, Billy."

Billy looked sad.

"Doody, you write down what we must do."

Doody found the pencil and pad Mrs. Carey used for grocery lists. Rowena's eyes were brilliant, and she snapped out orders.

Doody began to giggle helplessly. "O, Row!" she gasped. "You sound just like Miss Poole giving us a test in spelling!"

Rowena grinned. "Say, that gives me another idea. We'll ask Miss Poole to help us with the costumes."

All this while Johnny Snow had been absent-mindedly nibbling cookies and getting up for drinks of water. Now he spoke up. "I am not going to wear funny clothes."

"You are, too!" cried Rowena. "You're going to be Joseph, and Doody is going to be the Virgin Mary and hold the Baby."

Doody beamed with pleasure. "Johnny," she coaxed, "you don't have to look funny if you are Joseph."

"No," said Rowena. "You wear your bath-



robe and hold a long staff and just stand there beside the manger."

At last Johnny agreed to be Joseph. "But I'm not going to wear my bathrobe on the street," he insisted.

Doody and Rowena gazed at each other in consternation. They had forgotten all about a place to dress and a place for rehearsals. But before they could make further plans, Mrs. Carey came in and said, "I've got to get supper now; you children run along."

She picked up the cooky jar. That morning she had filled it; now it was almost empty. "I don't see how you are going to be hungry enough to eat supper," she remarked.

The four stared at her in astonishment. "Not hungry for supper?" they chorused, clattering down the back steps. Rowena shut the door after them. "What are we having for supper?" she asked. "I'm starved!"

The next day the members of the Adventure Club strolled down to Dock Square to look over the situation. Dock Square had a garage at one side, a grocery store at the other, and houses opposite. They sauntered over to the garage where the sun was bright and several fishermen leaned against the building talking about the new restrictions the war had brought to their business.

The large doors of the garage opened, and a car rolled out. The garage man called "Hi!" to the children.

"Too bad we are not going to have a tree this year," he said.

Doody and Row exchanged grins. "Say," Rowena whispered to him urgently, "we want to talk to you about something."

"All right, go ahead," he said.

The twinkle in his eye grew merrier and merrier as he listened and promised not to tell.

"We could go to the woods and cut down a small tree," said Billy McGuire.

The garage man was silent awhile. "No," he said. "I tell you what. The stores will have trees that are not sold Christmas Eve. I'll get a bunch early Christmas morning, and stand them around in a sort of half circle in the center of the Square."

Row jumped up and down with joy. Then her face fell. "But where can we dress up and have a rehearsal?"

"Well," he drawled, "as for that, I'd say you could dress right here in the garage, and you can have a rehearsal here, too."

Row and Doody found that Miss Poole knew just where to borrow a blue robe for the Virgin Mary, and how to arrange an Oriental head-dress from a bright square of cloth for each of the Wise Men. But she didn't know where to find angel costumes, until Doody remembered a school play last year with three little girls dressed as butterflies.

"The butterfly wings will be fine for angels!" said Doody.

Billy and Johnny snickered. All at once Billy said, "The girls who were the butterflies are Japanese. Their father is a Jap!" His face was scornful.

Rowena looked at him with a sober expression. "I just happened to think that those girls are the best singers I ever heard. They would be fine for angels."

Doody was shocked. "We can't have them. We are at war with the Japs."



Finn, followed by two Wise Men and a white horse, blew his cornet. Three slant-eyed angels in butterfly costumes sang in harmony, while Angela held Doody's doll



All at once Rowena did something she had not planned to do. "Come on! Everybody sing now!"

"Yes, but Doody, these girls were born here; their father is a sculptor and their mother is American." Rowena's heart ached. This was Christmas when everyone felt kindly toward everyone else.

Suddenly she said, "We ought to have them for the angels. How can they grow up to be good Americans if we don't help them? Besides, who else has angel dresses?"

Doody smiled. "O Rowena, next thing you'll be . . ." she stopped. Tommy Smith came running toward them.

"Say, Row!" he shouted. "Eddie Brown can't be a Wise Man—he's got the mumps!"

Row and Doody eyed each other dismally. It had been so hard to persuade the boys to be Wise Men. They had laughed and snickered and thought the whole idea silly.

"Tommy, don't you get mumps," warned Rowena. "You will look so grand on your grandpa's white horse."

Doody looked around the schoolyard. "Why don't you ask Jorma Saari to be a Wise Man?"

Rowena eyed the odd-looking boy who had grown tall too fast, and whose hair was so blond it was almost white. He lived up on Squam Hill, where the quarrymen had a huddle of tiny houses.

Then she yelled, "Hi, Finn. Come here!"

The boy came bashfully. His sea-blue eyes were puzzled.

"You've got to be a Wise Man," announced Rowena firmly. "You come to the rehearsal

Monday after school."

Finn stuttered. "I have to take my cornet lesson then."

Rowena's eyes sparkled. "Jeepers! That's fine. You can play the cornet for the carols; the rehearsal will be Tuesday."

Finn listened earnestly. He was proud to be in the Christmas Party for the Parents. Ever since he was small, he had come to the Christmas tree with his father and mother, who were now American citizens.

The rehearsal in the garage was going along fine, and when the door opened and Squibbs Clark came in, Rowena's joy was great. For now the problem of how to announce the Christmas Party was solved. Squibbs was a reporter for the *Gloucester Times*. He had been getting news about fishing when he heard the cornet and saw what was going on.

Squibbs took a picture for the *Times* of Doody with her doll wrapped in swaddling clothes and Joseph standing beside her. Then, just two days before Christmas, Billy McGuire came puffing into the Carey's kitchen saying, "Doody's got a cold. She can't go out at all, your father says."

Rowena's eyes filled with tears. "If my father knew how important it is for Doody to be the Virgin Mary, he wouldn't keep her in the house." She sobbed bitterly. "I'll have to call the whole thing off."

Mrs. Carey said, "Why, Rowena, your father knows what is best for Doody. You wouldn't want her to get pneumonia, would you?"

"No," sniffled Rowena. "But who can we get now to be the Virgin Mary? Doody was going to sing 'Silent Night, Holy Night,' all by herself, and who can sing like Doody?"

"Well, Rowena," Mrs. Carey said thoughtfully, "that reminds me. Just the other day I was getting your shoes patched at Mr. Spicuzza's shop, and I heard his little girl singing at the back of the store. Rowena, she has a lovely voice."

Billy said, "They are Italians, and our country is at war with Italy. We can't have enemies singing with us."

Mrs. Carey was indignant. "Those Spicuzzas have lived here many years, and they are good people. Angela was born here. You go right down and ask her, Rowena."

"Well," choked Rowena, "it won't be the same without Doody."

Angela was speechless with pleasure. Her father was just as pleased, and he tapped extra loud on the shoes he was patching. He thanked Rowena again and again.

Rowena was thoughtful. "I am the one to do the thanking, I guess."

At last, it was Christmas morning, and the whole village was agog with excitement. Long before ten o'clock, Dock Square was filled with parents as expectant and excited as the children had been in other years. The snow had been cleared from most of the square. In front of the half circle of leftover Christmas trees was the small rough manger that Johnny Snow had made with his father's tools.

The town clock struck ten. The garage doors opened, and Finn's cornet rang out smooth and true, "O Come, All Ye Faithful."

Angela, in a blue robe with a soft white cloth falling about her pretty dark face, carried Doody's doll and laid it in the manger. Joseph stood solemnly beside her. Four small shepherds stumbled after him and knelt

around the manger. Angela sang "Silent Night" in a sweet, simple fashion.

Finn, followed by one Wise Man on a white horse led by the other Wise Man, approached slowly. Finn was blowing sweeter notes than he ever had before, "We Three Kings of Orient Are." The carol ended. Finn looked back anxiously toward the garage.

Rowena made frantic gestures. Finn commenced to blow again: "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing." From the garage three girls with short black hair and slanting black eyes, dressed in pastel-colored butterfly costumes, came forward singing in harmony.

They were shy and proud, and their wings fluttered awkwardly, and everyone thought them quite the most unusual angels ever seen. There was silence in Dock Square while they joined the group around the manger, and there were many trembly smiles.

All at once Rowena darted from the garage and did something she had not planned to do. She stood with impulsive outstretched hands and cried, her brown eyes shining and her chubby, chapped cheeks flushed with red, "Come on! Everybody sing now!"

Finn played carol after carol. Never before had Dock Square been so filled with singing. Never before had the villagers been so filled with good will toward all their citizens.

The clock struck eleven. The Christmas party was over. The garage had a pile of bathrobes, table covers and Doody's doll. Rowena stared at the pile in dismay. Everybody had gone rushing home to turkey dinner. The garage man came in beaming. Dr. Carey was with him, and they helped Row pile the costumes in her father's car.

"You can return them tomorrow," he said. "Better hurry up now. The turkey smells mighty good."

Rowena grinned. "I'm starved!" she cried.



DRAWING FOR "SMOOZIE"
BY CHARLES KELLER

Smoozie

ALMA SAVAGE

Sheed and Ward, New York, \$1.50

IF YOU enjoyed "Bambi" in the movies, you will probably like this story of Smoozie, an Alaskan reindeer fawn. Smoozie, like Bambi, learns many things from his mother and from the leader of the wild reindeer herd. Though there are no adventures with forest fires, as in "Bambi," the two attacks by wolves are equally hair-raising. The book is attractively printed in green and brown.—M.L.F.

CHILDREN OF THE UNITED

United to Und



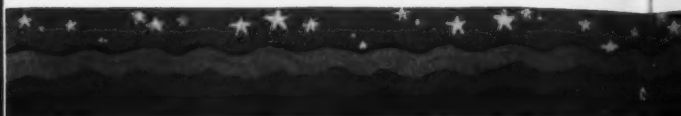
WIDE WORLD
Boys and girls of Kawananakoa Grade School, Honolulu, Hawaii, take pride in Flag Day



BOTH PICTURES FROM AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS SCHOOL CORRESPONDENCE ALBUMS

Above, project on Indian life at University Elementary School, Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico. Right: reading class, Great Falls, Montana

ALEXANDER ALLAND



Many children in the different United Nations are learning to understand each other better by studying each other's languages, history, art, music and geography. Of course, to do that they have to know how to read and write, draw and sing. Getting to know people your own age in other parts of the globe need not be through study alone, as the laughing boys in the Pan American Parade (lower righthand corner) can testify. American Junior Red Cross members combine work and play in the International School Correspondence albums which they exchange with boys and girls in other lands, and in the gift boxes they send



Left: a new stamp for your collection (see p. 100)
Far left: newsboy carries news of the United Nations, printed in Chinese, to Chinese-American

Below: Tallahassee, Florida, J. R. C. members receive flag from Chinese aviators stationed nearby to add to collection of United Nations flags



D N A T I O N S

Understand



FOX PHOTOS, LTD.

The little English boy above at right is dictating a thank-you letter to American Junior Red Cross members for the gift boxes they sent



WIDE WORLD

In the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, many children only four years old can read and write. They are taught Arabic by Dervish monks. Below: Chinese boy orator tells his playmates about the war and the great part China is playing in the United Nations

THOMAS KWANG-CHUNGKING: PAUL GUILLUMETTE



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

Polish refugee girls in Iran, in the "school-room" above, are learning English. They depend on the Red Cross for food, clothes. Below: boys from East Ward School, Brownsville, Texas, take part in annual Pan American fiesta



American Junior Red Cross NEWS

VOL. 24

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NO. 4

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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Notes on This Number

MAKING the December NEWS begins early in the summer, because we always want to make this one a very special issue. In September, the number is all prepared, and the illustrations go to the engraver. Four colors mean running the pages with color on them through the press four times, you see, and that takes time when we have to print 360,000 copies as we now do.

The illustrator of "A Piñata for Pepita" lives in Washington, and so does the author. Miss Goetz knew a little girl from Mexico named Pepita, who also lives in Washington. So she offered to take Pepita to Mrs. Johnson's house to model for Pepita in the story. Pepita took along the made-in-Mexico toys in the illustration: dolls of straw and cloth, animals of straw and wood, a wooden cowboy and chicken, a round powder box made of a painted gourd, a straw pocketbook and fan and a little mandolin of wood.

Maybe you remember that we had another two pages of pictures of children of the United Nations in the October NEWS. In the November number we had a page of pictures of scenes and people of Brazil. Brazil joined the United Nations last August, you know. And in October, Ethiopia joined, too. So that makes many more than one thousand million people in thirty nations who have joined for the cause of freedom.

The five-cent United States stamp reproduced on page 98 was issued on July 8th in

honor of the fifth anniversary of China's fight for freedom against the Japanese. Under Lincoln's picture are his words, "Of the people, by the people, for the people." The Chinese characters under the portrait of Sun Yat-sen, the great first President of the Chinese Republic, may be translated as "Patriotism, Democracy, Prosperity." The sun on the map of China is the symbol of the Chinese revolution. The four characters on the sun are *Kang chien kuo*, or "Fight the war and build the country," the slogan of China's war against Japan. This is the first time the United States has issued a stamp with a foreign language printed on it.

Just three hundred years ago, Father Jean de Brebeuf told the head of his order in Quebec how the Huron Indians he was teaching loved to gather at his mission in the Ontario woods on Christmas night. They built a small chapel of cedar and fir branches, he said, and even those at a distance of two days' journey came to sing hymns. The Hurons said that the carol we are reprinting on page 93 from the *Canadian Red Cross Junior*, was made for them by Father de Brebeuf himself. The words were in their own tongue and told the Christmas story in terms that the Indians could understand.

Church Bells

ROSE FYLEMAN

The church bells at Christmastime
Ring all about the town;
The gay folk at Christmastime
Go walking up and down;
They smile at me, they smile at you,
The streets and squares are smiling too.

In every house at Christmastime
Are pretty sights to see;
And strange things at Christmastime
Do grow upon a tree;
And one for me and one for you,
And isn't it a sweet to-do?

—From "The Rose Fyleman Calendar,"
Doubleday, Doran.

New Leaflets on War on Waste

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS War on Waste keeps on all the time. Now we have two new leaflets to tell members about saving metals—what metals you should save, why you should save them, and what use is made of them to help win the war. Ask the Junior Red Cross Chairman of your Chapter for them.

J.R.C. Visit to Iceland

MILDRED CLINE WALDEN

ONE DAY last winter, there was much excitement in Iceland. Newspapers carried the story that soon children in Reykjavik would receive gifts from the American Junior Red Cross: Christmas gifts. Already the boys and girls were learning things about the American Red Cross: they had seen the recreation huts set up for men in our armed forces; in town they had been greeted by young women who had sailed the seas to serve as Red Cross nurses and recreation workers. And they had heard, too, that not only Christmas boxes for themselves, but crates of gifts for United States soldiers and sailors were on the way from boys and girls in America.

The stage was set when the gift boxes arrived. The excitement of a visit from Father Christmas was still in the air, shops were gaily decorated, and it really didn't matter that the presents were a little late. The children loved the things your gift boxes brought them—marbles and toys and hair ribbons and pencils, games and puzzles and pocket knives. Topping off the gift boxes were some 10,000 Christmas stockings chock full of hard candies, and tagged with a holly-decked card, "Christmas greetings from the American Junior Red Cross."

Not only were the children pleased, but their fathers and mothers were delighted, too. Everywhere the Red Cross Field Director went, the gift boxes were spoken about. When he went to the bank, for instance, the president told him how much the children had enjoyed the Christmas remembrances from so far away.

Many of you will remember how hard and fast you worked last fall when an SOS came from the Red Cross Field Director in Iceland, asking for help in making Christmas more homelike for men in that distant outpost. Quickly you made gay posters for mess hall walls, cut-out Santas and other Christmas figures, bells of red and green and silver, paper hats, placecards, and myriad other things. Quickly you dug into your Service Fund to buy the things you could not make—red snappers, balloons, cigarettes, snow and tinsel and blinkers for Christmas trees. True, there are no trees in Iceland, except perhaps a



Two Junior Red Cross members of southeastern Pennsylvania who helped buy or make Christmas decorations for United States forces in Iceland

few stunted birches, but the boys in our armed forces had Christmas trees just the same—the American Red Cross sent them by Navy transport.

Not all of the holiday trimmings arrived on time, but nothing was wasted. All through the year, our armed forces in Iceland have known that they can call on the Red Cross Field Director for "Junior Red Cross trimmings" for their parties.

The soldiers and sailors themselves helped

Below, some of the Icelandic boys who left Reykjavik to spend the summer in the country. The N. C. F. supplied them with toys and garden tools



with the planning for a real American Christmas. Three weeks beforehand, men with the best voices were chosen to sing carols on Christmas Eve at various camps in the area; a radio program was broadcast by the Chaplain; and, on Christmas day, dinner was a lively affair.

Along about Easter time, the Red Cross Field Director was asked if a group of thirty-five Icelandic children might sing for the men at the hospital to show their appreciation for the gift boxes you sent. So on Easter day the children went to the Station Hospital and gave two programs. Icelandic folk songs were included, of course, but the children had worked very hard to learn "Old Black Joe" because they thought the American men would like that. One of the United States Army nurses, an Icelandic-American, interpreted for the choral group. The excellent singing of these boys and girls is known all over Iceland. As the children left the hospital, each one was given a little basket filled with Easter eggs, an orange and an apple. Fresh fruit is pretty scarce in Iceland, and so the gift was especially pleasing.

When school was out, the Icelandic children were reminded once more of their friends and fellow J. R. C. members—the American Junior Red Cross. Some 6,000 children of Reykjavik were evacuated by bus, truck, and motor car to safer places in the country, and they had lots of fun at the farm homes where they stayed. Naturally the boys and girls wanted to have their own gardens, and to play on the shores of the many lakes surrounding Reykjavik. Right away your National Children's Fund was used to buy a thousand sets of garden tools, a thousand pails and shovels, and one hundred and fifty sacks of assorted blocks. The Icelandic Red Cross paid transportation and food costs for the children, and the American Red Cross sent blankets and medical supplies.

Now that the boys and girls are back in Reykjavik, they will soon be enjoying moving pictures sent by the American Junior Red Cross through the National Children's Fund. Two thousand dollars will be used to buy movie films, which will be a very special treat for the Icelandic children.

American Junior Red Cross members will, of course, continue with their interest in their fellow-members in Iceland and in our troops at the outpost. In Erie, Pennsylvania, members were asked to fill the request of the Red Cross Field Director for fifty cushion covers

to be used in the recreation room at the station hospital. In less than two weeks, girls in four schools had completed the order, and the letter of acknowledgment from Iceland said, "They will liven up many a nook somewhere on the post, and we want you to know how grateful we are for them—and for the many things which have come to us over a period of time from the Junior Red Cross."

A rush order for a thousand facecloths was promptly filled by J. R. C. members in the Midwestern Area. One very sick patient in the Army Station Hospital at Reykjavik called a Red Cross worker to his bed as she made her rounds. The boy asked her to tell the Junior Red Cross members that "they were mighty nice to send these facecloths—all of the patients appreciate them," and to say, "God bless them in their good work."

During the summer months, J. R. C. members were asked to make a hundred scrapbooks on topics of current interest, including sports, to be sent to Iceland. Included in gifts sent by the J. R. C. at Christmas were a few such scrapbooks, and they were so popular that they just wore out. The new ones will be placed on tables in recreation rooms. Ever since the time our troops first occupied Iceland, they have been enjoying pianos, radios, radio-phonographs, musical instruments, pool tables, playing cards, and athletic and gymnasium equipment—all provided by the American Red Cross. During the winter months, some of the nights are twenty hours long, and games and music keep the time from dragging.

Naturally, the Icelandic Red Cross is preparing for possible attack on the island, and shelters and first aid stations are set up in Reykjavik to take care of some 40,000 citizens. Icelandic boys and girls are cooperating in every way with the Icelandic Red Cross, and have been trained in first aid, and to serve as messengers, fire-watchers, and so on.

In midsummer, the American Red Cross Field Director presented to the Icelandic Red Cross medical supplies and equipment which, it is believed, will be sufficient to take care of any emergency from enemy air raids. Dr. Sigurdur Sigurdsson accepted the gift on behalf of the Icelandic Red Cross, of which he is president. He said in part:

"The Icelandic Red Cross thanks the American Red Cross for its splendid gift, which testifies not only to its friendship for the Icelandic sister society, but also to its friendship for the entire Icelandic nation."



PUBLICITY

News Parade

ENROLLMENT



MEN OF OUR ARMED FORCES, ex-servicemen in

government hospitals; men and women in old folks' homes; boys and girls in hospitals, orphanages, the national leprosarium, nursery homes, air raid shelters—tens of thousands of other children living in Central and South America, Great Britain, Iceland, Greenland, and territorial and insular United States: all will be greeted in one way or another this year with a "Merry Christmas" from American Junior Red Cross members. For many it will be a new experience; for others it will be an old story.

One hundred thousand Christmas gift boxes are traveling by rail and by sea and soon will be in the hands of boys and girls for whom you filled them. Gifts of many kinds for our armed forces are on their way to give pleasure to the boys away from home.



A LITTLE WHILE before last Christmas, the auditorium in the recreation room at Camp Barkeley, Texas, looked pretty bleak, and the Red Cross Field Director appealed to the Midwestern Area of the Red Cross for help.

Junior Red Cross members of Chaves County, Roswell, New Mexico, agreed to take on the job of getting the place ready for Christmas. They made transparencies which gave the effect of leaded glass to fit all the windows. They made a frieze twenty feet long and four feet wide to be hung at the top front of the stage as a valance, and another large piece for the center, backstage.

The Red Cross recreation worker at the camp wrote, "The decorations have done



Swedish Junior Red Cross members took part in a solemn ceremony held in Stockholm Cathedral for the benefit of the northern countries in the war

wonders for the auditorium; the art work is excellent, and has softened the barren look that is so difficult to lose in an auditorium without stage curtains."



SIXTH GRADERS in Detroit, Michigan, earned

money through selling candy to buy greens which they made into wreaths and garlands for the

children's ward at Deaconess Hospital. Pine cones were sent to veterans in Mount Alto Hospital in Washington by Arlington, Virginia, members, along with other remembrances. Second-graders in Anderson, South Carolina, decorated a Christmas tree for the children's ward in a local hospital.



IN WESTCHESTER County, New York, there were many Christmas plans under way. DeWitt Clinton School, Mount Vernon, made crab

apple, peach and grape jelly for the Elderly Ladies' Home in the city; Armonk Public School made wreaths, trees and jolly Santas for children in the Blythedale Convalescent Home; Pleasant Ridge School, Harrison, made tree decorations of sippers, as well as nut cups, scrapbooks, games, tops and clothing. Fourth-graders of Murray Avenue, Larchmont, made beanbag dolls for the Wartburg Home in Mount Vernon.



JUST before Christmas, fire destroyed the home of two members of the Franklin School in Eveleth, Minnesota. Everything was lost. The J. R. C. of the school appealed to members for canned goods, and they collected eight large



BICYCLE CORPS



PRODUCTION FOR THE ARMED FORCES



GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS



COURTESY BETTY ENGLE

Hundreds of ash trays for men in Army and Navy hospitals were made from coffee cans by J. R. C. members in Maria Sanford School, St. Paul, Minnesota

boxes of food and preserves which were delivered to the family in time for the Christmas holidays.



THE JUNIOR RED CROSS BULLETIN published in Springfield, Massachusetts, tells how Chestnut Street School worked with J. R. C. members in Henderson Settlement School, Frakes, Kentucky, to earn money for the Service Fund of both:

"Here is a sample of publicity used in our 'Cones for Kentucky' venture.

"When the postman brings your mail, or when company comes to call, greet them at your front door with a swag made by Junior Red Cross members of Chestnut, under the direction of the Council. To brighten that dark suit or coat we also have attractive corsages of decorated cones gay in red, gilt and silver.

'From our Kentucky Mountains
Come evergreens and holly
To make your Yuletide season
Festive, bright and jolly.'

"The plan originated with the Junior Red Cross correspondence group which carries on an exchange with Kentucky. Kentucky mountainsides are covered with cones, evergreens and holly, the J. R. C. members wrote, and the boys would be delighted to gather a

supply, ship the material to us, and share profits. Immediately we got to work. Crews were organized to decorate the cones, to make corsages, to work on swags, to print tags. We interested as many helpers as possible; study groups, and after-school volunteers. We are still in the midst of our business venture, and the financial returns are an unknown quantity. As for the other returns—the gain in friendship, in mutual understanding, in working together, in willingness of service—these are the gains that count."



MEMBERS in Cabell County, West Virginia, remembered men in government hospitals with calen-

dars, books of carols, plaques, cards, cigarettes and matches in decorated holders. Stamped Christmas cards were sent to the veterans early enough so that they could mail them to their families and friends. To the County Farm went handkerchiefs with embroidered initials and crocheted edges, one for each of the fifty-five old people there; the Union Mission was delighted to receive beautifully wrapped, individual gifts ready for Santa Claus to deliver on Christmas Eve. There were books, games, puzzles, purses and mechanical toys. For the Orthopedic Hospital there were red and green net stockings filled with nuts, candy and small toys, as well as gumdrops, favors and beanbags. One of the schools traveled in the school bus to the Morris Memorial Hospital and gave their Christmas play for the convalescent crippled children.



IN ONE of her letters, Lady Stella Reading of the Women's Voluntary Services tells how welcome were J. R. C. gift boxes:

"I wish you could have been here for Christmas to attend some of the many parties we held throughout the country for children, at which gifts from the American Red Cross played such a part. We can never thank you all enough for turning what we all expected



WAR ON WASTE



VICTORY BOOK
CAMPAIGN



NATIONAL
CHILDREN'S FUND



SCHOOL
CORRESPONDENCE

would be a grim Christmas into a time of real festivity and happiness for so many, and especially for those who have borne the brunt of suffering throughout the year.

"When I visited one of our cantons in the city of London on Christmas Day, our Centre Organizer there had a glow on her face. On her return from Midnight Mass the night before, she had been down to visit the people under her care in one of the shelters. There she had come across the children wrapped up in blankets who had put out their boots at the end of their bunks in a most confident way. The sight of these two pathetic signs of trust went straight to her heart and she rushed back to the depot where the toys had been unpacked, and, seizing an armful, she went back and tucked them in under the rugs."



THIS LETTER is from the Medical Officer in Charge of the Leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana, to members in St. Augustine, Florida:

"I wish to acknowledge receipt of the two very attractive little clowns made by the children from the College Park Elementary School for the two Florida children.

"Marjorie and Richard received their clown dolls with delight. They both laughed merrily, and when asked what they were going to do with the dolls, they said they would put them on the chair or the bed in their rooms where they could look at them often. They take pride in their rooms and thought the dolls would be a wonderful decoration. Marjorie was twelve last January. She is bright and intelligent, reads and likes books. Richard was eight years old last January. He is not so fond of books and finds it hard to study. He likes to play out-of-doors; he possesses an Indian costume with a belt and gun, and this he often delights in playing with."

There are fifteen children at the leper colony, and for seven years now, Junior Red Cross members in many Chapters have taken a special interest in seeing that all are remem-



All sorts of gifts for children's homes and hospitals were made by Junior Red Cross members in Glenview School, Oakland, California

bered at Christmastime and through the year.



ALL OVER BRITAIN, J. R. C. members are working very hard for their fellow-members, and for the men in the armed forces. A report from Sussex, for instance, tells about collections of stamps, tinfoil, herbs, berries and chestnuts, toys, books, games; salvage work; knitting and sewing for hospitals and the armed forces; making toys for children in bombed areas, jigsaw puzzles for convalescent homes. Members at St. Leonards-on-Sea gave a pantomime at Christmastime to raise funds. And a school at Shoreham-by-the-Sea had a carol party, singing at the Children's Home for the 170 boys and girls there. Shoreham members took with them bamboo pipes which they have learned to play quite nicely.



WORD has just come that the American Junior Red Cross is sending a special gift to 8,000 children in Iceland. School boxes with pencils, crayons, pen holder and pen, an eraser, and a ruler (to measure centimeters instead of inches) are on the way, along with some holiday candy. The gifts (paid for from the National Children's Fund) will carry your Christmas greetings in Icelandic. And, as last year, your gift boxes will go to Iceland, too.

WAR RELIEF
PRODUCTION



FIRST AID



NUTRITION



ACCIDENT
PREVENTION



Merry Christmas to Lou Ellen

Charlie May Simon

Pictures by Connie Moran

ANY other Christmas Eve, Lou Ellen would have known the day, even if there had been no calendar on her wall with a big 25 printed in red on the month of December. There was an excitement in the air, and people showed it in the way they walked in and out of the gay crowded shops with their arms full of bundles, and the way they stopped to drop pennies and dimes in the iron pot where a dressed-up Santa Claus with a make-believe beard stood ringing a bell.

But, here on the farm, Christmas Eve had been like any other day in the year.

The cows had come up to be milked, and the chickens had flocked around the dooryard waiting for grain to be thrown out to them, and the pigs squealed and grunted and dug their noses in the dirt in search of acorns, as they did every day in the year. The only difference was that Lou Ellen had not gone to the highway to wait for the yellow school bus to take her to the county school, for this was a holiday.

It was in the summertime when Lou Ellen had first come with her mother to live with her grandparents on the farm. Her father, in his new brown soldier's uniform, had been with them for a little while. It had been fun to be in the country then, when the days were sunny and warm. They had gone swimming together in the creek where the button willows grew, and they had gathered wild blackberries in the open fields, and woven chains of black-eyed Susans. No word was spoken about the father going

away. They had romped and laughed and made believe they would always be as they were now. Then quietly, one day, the father went off to camp, and Lou Ellen and her mother stayed on at the farm.

When darkness came, Lou Ellen's mother opened the parlor door that had been closed all day, and said, "We'll have an early Christmas tonight instead of waiting till tomorrow."

She lit the candles on the Christmas tree in the corner, and the grandfather added more logs to the fire, which blazed up, sending a warm, cheerful glow to the whole room. Four white stockings, stuffed full of good things to eat, hung over the mantel. And boughs of holly and mistletoe that grew wild in the woods were put on the mantel and over the windows and doors, making the room more like a Christmas room than any in town.

They sat on the floor, beside the Christmas tree, to open the packages. Even the grandmother and grandfather bent their stiff knees and eagerly tore away wrappings. There was a rocking chair, just big enough for Lou Ellen, that her grandfather had made for her, and a big rag doll, with buttons for eyes and mouth, and yellow wool for hair, that her grandmother had made, and from her mother there was a new red dress with socks to match.

"Can I put them on now?" Lou Ellen asked.

To her surprise her mother answered,

"I think it would be nice if you do."

The clock on the mantel ticked on to nine o'clock. It was bedtime for Lou Ellen, but no one said a word about it. Her mother and her grandfather and grandmother sat waiting, as if this were not all, that something even better was coming. They looked often at the clock, and they listened to every noise. Lou Ellen sang a Christmas carol, half to herself, as she rocked her doll to and fro, and the others joined in. Then the grandfather told of the days when Lou Ellen's father was a little boy, and the Christmases he had known, here on the farm. But as they sang and as they talked, their ears were listening.

At last the telephone bell rang, sharp and loud, and all three got up to answer it.

"Yes," Lou Ellen heard her mother say. "I can hear you as if you were in the same room. No, I haven't told her, for I didn't want to disappoint her in case the call couldn't come through. Here she is now."

Lou Ellen took the receiver, and she



"Is it summer on Christmas Eve?" Lou Ellen asked



The cows and the pigs and the ducks and the chickens all acted as if Christmas Eve were any other day in the year

heard her father's voice say, "Hello, Lou Ellen."

"Where are you, Papa?" she asked.

"I'm half a world away, where it's summer in December, and winter in June," her father replied.

"Is it summer on Christmas Eve, too?" Lou Ellen asked.

"It's Christmas Day here. It's mid-day tomorrow, and the day is warm, and the flowers are blooming everywhere."

What a strange place that must be, Lou Ellen thought. Her father was not teasing, she knew, for his voice was serious and tender.

"When are you coming home?" she asked.

"Very soon and when I come, I'll bring you a baby kangaroo and a teddy bear that's alive," he said.

The grownups were waiting now to talk to him.

"Merry Christmas, Papa," she said.

"Merry Christmas, Lou Ellen," her father's voice replied.

A Piñata for Pepita

Delia Goetz

Pictures by Iris Beatty Johnson

IT WAS the morning of Christmas Eve. In the tiny town of Willowville, which is so small that it isn't even a dot on the map, everyone was up early. For days now, the Christmas tree had stood straight and tall in the center of the town. The tinsel and bright balls sparkled in the sunshine, and by night the many lights twinkled like fireflies.

Although Willowville was such a tiny town, it was one of the best possible places to spend Christmas. The reason was that everyone tried to make everyone else happy—which is a very good way to celebrate Christmas. And instead of having Christmas by themselves, all of the people had it together down around the great tree in the center of the town. So it belonged to everyone, and no one was left out.

But although the tree was finer than usual this year, and the decorations more gay, people were not really happy in Willowville on the morning of Christmas Eve. It was all because of Grandma Ward's granddaughter, five-year-old Pepita (Pay-peé-tah). When she came to stay with her grandmother a few weeks earlier, everyone agreed that she must have a very happy Christmas. Of course, grandchildren weren't unusual in Willowville at Christmastime. But this was an unusual grandchild.

First of all, there wasn't another grandchild named Pepita. It wasn't that she looked so different from other grandchildren, except perhaps her eyes were

very black and her hair as black as shiny coal. But the thing that made Pepita different was that she could speak English like everyone else in town, and she could speak Spanish, which no one else could speak. Her mother, whom everyone remembered as Emily Ward, had taught her English. But her father, who was Mexican, had taught her to speak Spanish. And because she had always lived in Mexico, she had never had a Christmas in Willowville.

Pepita liked to talk, and people liked to talk to her. Sometimes she spoke English, and sometimes she spoke Spanish. Mostly people could guess what she meant, and that made them feel as though they could speak Spanish, too. When anyone said "Good morning," Pepita sometimes said "Good morning," but just as often she said "*Buenos dias*," which is Spanish for the same thing. When she went into Mr. Green's grocery store and held out her hand with a penny in it and said, "I would like some *dulces*," Grocer Green knew that she wanted candy. When she thanked him, she might say "*Gracias*," or she might say "Thank you."

Everything went along very well, with Pepita speaking first one language, then another, until the day when Grandma Ward asked what she wanted for Christmas. "A *piñata*," Pepita answered promptly.

"Is that a doll?" asked her grandmother.

"No, it's just a *piñata* (pee-nyah'-tah)," said Pepita.

"How big is it?" asked Grandmother.

"Very big," said Pepita, "but it could be little, too." And her grandmother was indeed confused.

Soon everyone in Willowville began trying to find out what a *piñata* was.

"What color is a *piñata*?" asked Mrs. Dean the next time she saw Pepita. "*Muchos* colors," said Pepita. And although Mrs. Dean knew she meant many colors, it didn't help her to know what a *piñata* was.

"Is a *piñata* candy?" asked Grocer Green the next time Pepita went to his store.

"Some of it is," said Pepita.

"What is the rest of it?" he asked.

"Surprises," said Pepita. And Grocer Green was as puzzled as the others.

Then Miss Perkins, the librarian, who knew more words than anyone in Willowville, suddenly had an idea. "I think she means a pineapple," she said. "I am sure that's what it is. *Piñata* sounds like pineapple!" And everyone was happy until they found a book and showed Pepita a picture of a pineapple. She looked at it carefully while everyone waited. Then she said, "Does it have nuts inside, too?" And they were right back where they had started.

When Pepita went to the Christmas party at school, the children asked her about the *piñata*. "Could we play with it, too?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes, you can have all of the dolls in



Miss Perkins asked Pepita if it was a pineapple

it," promised Pepita generously. And to Freddy she promised all of the automobiles and trucks. "There might be animals, too," she said. And then they all tried to think what could be big or little, with part of it good to eat, have many colors, and have nuts and dolls and animals and automobiles and trucks. And wherever people stopped to talk in Willowville, they asked the same thing—"Have they found a *piñata* for Pepita?" And the answer was always "No."

That was why people were not as happy as usual, for they didn't want Pepita to be disappointed on her Christmas in Willowville.

But shortly after lunch, a very sur-





Old Mr. Pipp, the station agent, hustled over to Grandma Ward's with the box, and everyone on the street followed him

prising thing happened. The fast train that usually sped through the tiny town with only a hoarse whistle of warning slowed down and actually stopped. Everyone looked to see who would get off. But no one did. Instead, out of the baggage car the brakeman handed down an enormous box, and on it was Pepita's name. Old Mr. Pipp, the station agent, hustled over to Grandma Ward's with the box, and everyone on the street followed him.

When Grandma Ward opened the box, there was a big, bright green and blue parrot. It was made of clay, and was many times larger and ever so much heavier than a real one.

"What is it?" asked Grandma Ward.

"It's a *piñata*," said Pepita, dancing around the box.

"What do you do with it?" everyone asked together.

"You break it," answered Pepita.

They shook their heads, and thought that surely she was wrong about that.

But everyone in Willowville was very excited, and when they stopped to talk, they said, "Did you hear? Pepita has a *piñata*."

And when Grandma Ward took a better look at the *piñata*, she found a note tucked under the wing of the parrot. It was from Pepita's mother and daddy in Mexico, and they told Grandma Ward just what to do about a *piñata*. And that

night, when everyone was through with supper, they hurried over to Grandma Ward's house. There was the *piñata* hanging from a wire strung across the dining room. All the furniture was moved back, and they stood around in a circle.

Grandma Ward tied a scarf around Pepita's eyes, and told her to point to someone. It was a little like playing "Pin the tail on the donkey."

Pepita pointed straight ahead and right at Grocer Green. Grandma Ward took the blind from Pepita's eyes and tied it around Grocer Green's eyes. Then she handed him a long stick and told him to see if he could hit the *piñata*. He drew back the stick as though he were going to bat a ball. He struck first to one side and then the other, and straight ahead. He struck so fast and so hard that the others had to dodge quickly to keep out of his way. He almost hit the window and did hit the wall with a thud, but never once came near the *piñata*.

Miss Perkins tried next. Grandma Ward was ready to tie the blind around her eyes when Miss Perkins remembered that she had on her best pair of spectacles. She took them off and then had the blind tied on. Just then Mr. Pipp started to cross the room and Miss Perkins hit him right on the back, but not very hard. Then, because she was

afraid of hitting someone else, she hardly tried at all, and, of course, she didn't hit the *piñata*. Mr. PIPPS and Mrs. Dean didn't have any better luck, and neither did any of the others.

Finally it was Dorothy's turn to try to hit the *piñata*. She stood near it and didn't move, even when the stick went swishing through the air without striking anything. She waited a minute, took a firm hold on the stick with both hands, then struck out as hard as she could. There was the sound of tearing paper and breaking pottery, and a shower of many things falling from the *piñata*. Peanuts and candy hit Mr. PIPPS' bald head and bounced off. A tiny bright red automobile struck Freddie's shoulder. Soon everyone, young and old, was scrambling to pick up the candy and nuts and toys that fell from the *piñata*. Such laughing and shouting and pushing until

the nuts and toys and every last piece of candy had been picked up. Dorothy snatched the blind from her eyes in time to catch two little dolls.

And when they pulled back the chairs and the sofa and sat down, they looked at Grandma Ward, and all burst into shouts of laughter. For there, perched high in the knot of hair on top of her head was a tiny toy monkey with very bright eyes. She took it out carefully and gave it to Pepita.

After they had eaten all of the good things from the *piñata* and the big chocolate cake which Grandma Ward brought out, they got ready to go home. To some of them Pepita said "*Buenos noches*," and to some she said "Good night," but it all means the same thing.

And that night Pepita was happy, and Willowville was happy, because there had been a *piñata* for Pepita.



Grocer Green drew back the stick as if he were going to bat a ball



Perhaps you saw the picture in the September Junior Red Cross News of Boston Junior Red Cross members making toys, this past summer, to put into gift boxes this fall. Here in full color are some of the lovely handicraft gifts they make

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE LOHR

